

Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 10. No. 3. 1st May, 1937



(Coronation Issue)

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY
Established 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club,
157 Elizabeth St., Sydney*

Vol. 10

MAY, I.

No. 3

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 8th May, 1937.

The Club Man's Diary

Strode into the club the other day, Captain A. E. Lundgren, Australian representative of the Swedish Transatlantic Steamship Company Ltd.—his first appearance among us since returning from a six months' tour abroad.

Have you ever been of the company when Captain Lundgren rallied the Vikings round the "smorges-board," gave the toast—which is to say, the toasts—and led the chorus—which is to say, the choruses—before settling down to the feast, preceding the banquet? Then and there you experience Swedish hospitality tradition in a race of princely hosts; you meet a cultured, gracious people whose history is as great as any, and greater than many; real liberty lovers, like the British.

I will confess that, at a Swedish repast, the courses and the choruses test one's capacity, but "Lucullus dines with Lucullus" when the Vikings are rallied by Capt. Lundgren.

As Australian representative of the Swedish Transatlantic S.S. Company Limited and President of the Swedish Chamber of Commerce, Capt. Lundgren was impressed by the company's activity at home. Two new 7-8,000 ton motor ships were under construction for the company's Australian Line, and two more probably will be built next year. These ships will be faster than any other vessel of the company in the Australian trade. The owners have confidence in the future of the Australian wool industry, and the new ships will carry no refrigerated cargo. They are being built specially for the carriage of wool to Europe from Australia, and will have a fully laden service speed of 18 knots.

During the next season the company expects to capture from Britain the "blue riband" for the Wool Derby. The first ship was launched last month and given the Australian aboriginal name of "Gonnamarra." The second will be launched next month. Both vessels will have luxurious accommodation for 12 passengers, and the new ships will bring the company's Australian fleet up to 10 ships.

Oil and water won't mix, they say. It all depends. Mr. D. S. Aarons, general manager for N.S.W. of the Vacuum Oil Co., is at present on the water—en route to the East, with his wife, on a holiday tour.

Although Mr. Aarons holds down a big job, he finds time to devote to the Legacy Club—a cause near to his heart, as a Digger. Assembled



Capt. A. E. Lundgren.

in that company are men who have served their country, but are not content to let it remain at that. They bind themselves to take up the torch of service and sacrifice bequeathed to them by fallen comrades. They care for their comrades suffering post-war disabilities and for dependants of Diggers. If you have room for a boy in your employ, 'phone the Legacy Club.

The South African team of Rugby Union footballers, which will arrive on June 17, will have in its manager, Mr. Percy Day, a personal link with the paramount sporting interest of this club, apart from its general sporting affiliations through membership. Mr. Day is secretary of the South African Turf Club, apart

from his football associations. In this he is kin with our chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill), whose active interest in the grand old Union game has continued unbroken from field to administrative office over many years.

The Union game represents to me more than a normal interest. It is an infatuation. While there have been Sunderings in friendships found in other realms, those made from boyhood on the Rugby Union field have survived and gained strength through the years. Every man to his code, and honour to all codes; but, when the South Africans are here, I will be moved to look back over the pages of history enriched by men who wore the light blue of N.S.W. and the maroon of Queensland. Those were the days!

* * *

Before Mr. Percy Pilcher left for the East on a holiday tour, he was entertained by member friends in the club.

Happy the man who, ere he goes away,

A toast is drunk to him in friendship's name.

*What greater fame can time assay?
What greater sway can any wield
In any field—be what he may
His fortune's sealed in that fond
lasting claim—*

*Before he goes away a toast is
drunk in friendship's name!*

* * *

May birthdays: Sir Colin Stephen, chairman of the A.J.C., 3rd; Mr. H. C. Bartley, committeeman of Tattersall's Club, 6th.

*May Fortune pay you honour at
her court.*

Nor stint her measure;

*May all your ships come safely into
port*

Laden with treasure.

* * *

The club's race meeting will be held on May 8, which reminds us that on May 14 the club will celebrate its 79th birthday. That is not so very old compared with the ages

of similar institutions abroad, but yet old enough to have had its foundations in a Sydney which contrasted strangely with the metropolis of to-day—a Sydney that had not long cast off a huge hunk of territory of which the capital city is now Brisbane; a Sydney that had inhabitants with a memory of George IV. and Queen Victoria's birth, and others who "whipped behind" the lumbering bullock wagons in George Street and played by the banks of the Tank stream.

What we should remember about the club is that, at its foundation, it filled in the sporting community what an editor of that era described as "a long felt want," since when it has lived up to the purpose of its founders who "builded better than they knew."

The Committee of Tattersall's Club decided at its latest meeting to link up with the Lake Shore Athletic Club, described as the Family Club of Chicago. It is situated right on the edge of beautiful Lake Michigan. This makes the fifth kindred institution with which the club is linked, others being: Olympic, San Francisco; Los Angeles Athletic Club, Denver Athletic Club, New York Athletic Club.

* * *

Arthur Tarpey, who died last month, had been a steward of Tattersall's Club for 30 years, and its head steward in later years. He did his duty loyally and cheerfully. His long period of service was in itself a tribute to the quality of the man.



*The Lake Shore Athletic Club,
Chicago, Illinois.*

"Beer makes you feel as you should feel without beer," wrote the late David McKee Wright, probably over a penitent reviver; but it represented philosophy at a gulp, so to speak. Herein we strain it through our beards in mournful mouthfuls, to find in the dregs a commonsense reflection:—

Two pints make one quart,
Four quarts equal one gallon,
One gallon equals one argument,
One argument equals one fight,
One fight equals two policemen,
Two policemen equal one magistrate,

One magistrate equals £1, or 14 days.
Therefore, call often, drink moderately,

Pay nobly, part friendly, go home quietly.

Above all, don't let beer get the best of you,

But come here and get the best of beer.

TATTERSALL'S GOLF CLUB

The first Outing of the 1937-1938 Season took the form of a Four Ball Best Ball Competition at The Lakes on the 1st April, and resulted in a win for R. Barmby and W. A. Boyd, with 6 up. R. Cathels and G. H. Levey (an Interstate member) tied with J. Mandel and F. Paul with 4 up, and winning the toss were declared Runners-up.

The Annual Meeting of the Club was afterwards held at the Club, and a fair number of members attended, and the following Office Bearers were elected:—

President: S. E. Chatterton.

Vice-Presidents: W. C. Goodwin, Dr. D. B. Loudon, W. A. MacDonald, G. J. Watson, W. R. Dovey, K.C.

Captain: T. M. Fitzsimons.

General Committee: Dr. Pittar, F. Gawler, W. Diftort, E. S. Pratt, W. A. Boyd.

Hon. Treasurer: E. A. Nettlefold.

Hon. Secretary: John Hickey.

Asst. Hon. Secretary: W. A. Boyd.

The Annual Meeting was followed by the Annual Dinner, at which the Trophies won during the year were presented.

During the evening, a most enjoyable entertainment was provided by one of our members, Mr. Tom Richards.

A Stableford Par Competition was held at Concord on the 22nd April, which resulted in a larger attendance than usual, many new members joining the Club.

J. Normoyle won the Trophy presented by W. R. Dovey, K.C., for "A" Grade, and J. Mandel won the "B" Grade Trophy presented by Max Berman.

The next Competition will be held at N.S.W., on the 20th May.

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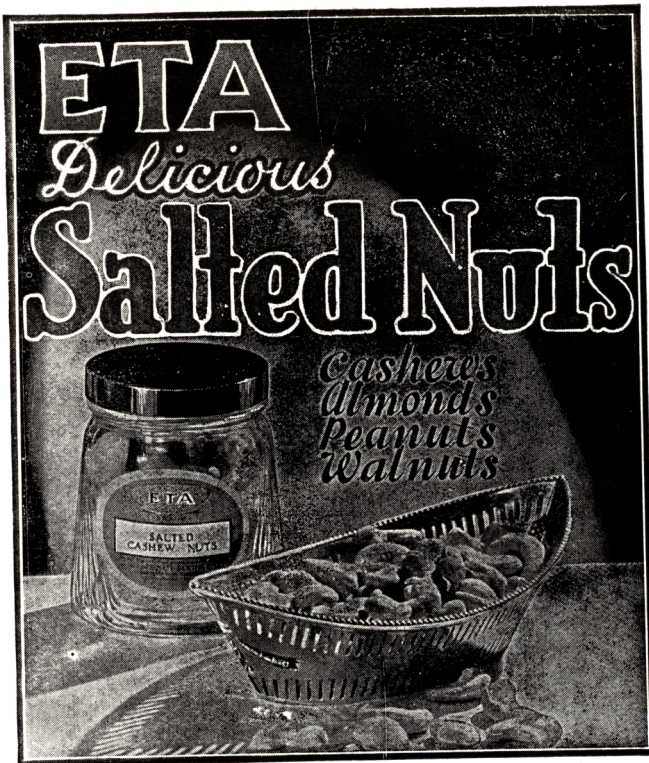
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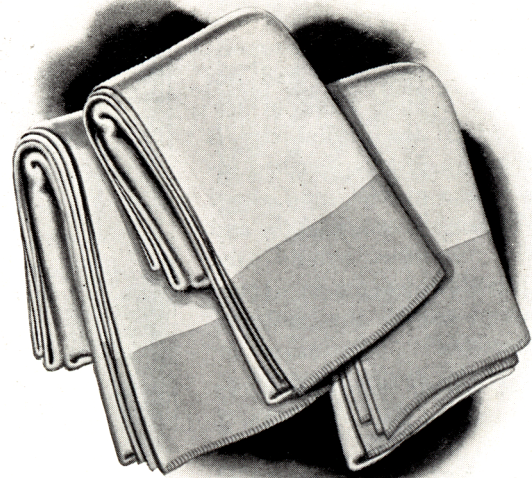
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Some of Our Rural Members

Mr. C. J. Withycombe.

In days of yore, the polo team which hailed from that noted old Hunter River township, Muswellbrook, N.S.W., the name of C. J. Withycombe, erstwhile resident in that locality, but now of "Barwon Vale," Walgett, N.S.W., was one to conjure with when hard fought chukkas were the order of the day. And oft-times, on many a hard fought polo field, the skill and bulldog tenacity of C. J. Withycombe was largely responsible for the victory which came the way of his team. In the passing years, his love for this grand old game had not diminished, although his activities in this regard have long since ceased. Nevertheless, it is safe to assume that whenever, and wherever, polo matches are played the old-time interest still lingers.

Maybe, when riding over the broad acres of "Barwon Vale" in a leisurely mood, visions of polo games played long ago come to relieve the monotony of a lonely ride through the Australian bush. In such circumstances, and if one were blessed with television eyes, perchance we would see the lone horseman smile. If so, we could assume with a degree of certainty, that the smile was associated with the memory of some polo incident of long ago.

Colonel T. L. F. Rutledge.

At first sight, military and pastoral interest might seem as wide apart as the poles. And probably, in most cases, they are. However, it has been truly said that there are exceptions to every rule, and perhaps it is because of this that we find Colonel T. L. F. Rutledge, of "Gidleigh," Bungendore, N.S.W., a man who has carved out a distinguished career in both these widely separated avocations. His rank speaks of ability in the military sphere, but we are to-day not so much concerned with his soldiering activities of the past as with his pastoral activities of the present. In this regard, it is well to remember that with most of us, we are more concerned with the welfare of ourselves than the welfare of others. But it is not so with Colonel Rutledge. He happens to be one of those rare souls who concerns himself with the interests and welfare of his fellow men. Moreover, his many years association with the controlling body of that widespread and useful organisation known as The Graziers' Association of New South Wales, furnishes ample proof and a practical demonstration of the truth of this statement. No man of that august body has done more to promote the interests of his fellow graziers—both large and small—than he. Small wonder then that his counsels are so frequently sought and his sound advice is so frequently followed.

Mr. C. P. Wilson.

To be an acknowledged expert in any worth-while thing, to achieve something which is beyond the reach of most, are two things of which one might well feel proud. And so, there are two good reasons why C. P. Wilson, of "Mayvale," Barraba, N.S.W., should be a proud man, for he has accomplished both. First, he is an acknowledged expert in the production of some of the finest and best merino wool grown on the famous New England portion of this State, and, secondly, he has achieved this distinction by virtue of an intense application to those things which make such an accomplishment possible. In doing this, he has, without the shadow of doubt, achieved something beyond the reach of most.

Naturally, he is intensely proud of "Mayvale" and all that goes to make up that magnificent pastoral property, and above all of the high-class merino flock which has made the name famous wherever Australian wool is handled.

It would be surprising if there is an Australian woolgrower unacquainted with the fame which surrounds "Mayvale," and more astonishing still if you should chance to meet an overseas wool-buyer who cannot tell you of the virtues and outstanding qualities of the "Mayvale" clip.



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pression of the quality and a
delight to the cultured taste.

The Great Champagne District

The best part of the Champagne Vine-Country lies some hundreds of miles to the east of Paris, in the districts of Reims, Epernay and Chalons.

The vines grow on slopes of which the northern boundary is the Reims mountain and the southern limit in the Brie country. The river Marne celebrated by its victories, forms the central valley.

Magnificent forests crown these slopes, and the undulating vineyards with their woodland background afford many picturesque features, with extensive views over the surrounding country.

The peculiar character of the soil is one of the chief causes of the remarkable quality of the wine.

The trade in Champagne wines is an extremely ancient one; its principal centres are Reims, Epernay, and Ay, but Chalons-sur-Marne and other places, such as Mareuil, Avize and Vertus, are also the homes of well-known firms.

The whole region of the vineyards is well worth a visit, and the roads are excellent for motoring.

Several railway lines running between Paris and Reims, Paris-Epernay-Chalons, and Epernay-Ay-Reims, make it possible to travel from Paris and back the same day.

On the slopes of the Mountain of Reims lie the leading first growths of Verzenay, Verzy and Mailly, to the west, of which are many secondary growths of great value.

Between the Mountain and the Marne Valley are Bouzy and Ambonnay, also leading first growths.

Ay, with the neighbouring villages of Mareuil, Dizy, Hautvillers and Cumieres, is the centre of the Marne Valley district.

To the south of the River lies the "Cote des Blancs," where white grapes are grown.

Cramant and Avize are perhaps the best parts of this region, with Oger and Le Mesnil. Further south are the slopes of Vertus, where black grapes reappear.

Champagne, with its pale golden tint, is made, contrary to what might be supposed mostly from black grapes.



The Champagne District.

On the Mountain and in the Valley of the Marne, as well as at Vertus, the vine is the "black Pinot," together with the "Pinot Meunier," also a black grape. On the Cote des Blancs the "White Pinot Chardonnay" only is grown.

The excellent quality of the wine is largely due to the "Pinot," to which the soil is suitable.

Champagne, as presented by the great firms, is invariably a blend in which each of the three great districts is represented, and the excellent quality is the result of skilful and harmonious blending in such a way as to bring out the qualities of each.

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHAMPAGNE WINE

The vines imported into Champagne by the Romans, about the third century, were cultivated and improved by the religious orders, who immediately recognised that wine was a source of progress, of activity and of health; it was, therefore, under the protection of the monasteries that most of our vineyards rose to prosperity.

Saint Remy, the celebrated archbishop of Reims, in the year 530 A.D., mentioned the Champagne vines in his will, and the Pope, Urban 11, a native of Champagne, who died in 1099 A.D., was particularly fond of his own Ay wine.

About the fourteenth century, vineyards covered the district, and from that time onwards the wine was proudly offered to the Kings of France, when they came to be crowned at Reims.

Champagne was then looked upon as the greatest treasure in the cellars of kings and nobles; good King Henri IV. delighted in bedecking himself with the title of "Lord of Ay."

The most consummate tasters at the Court of Louis XIV., who instituted the "Order of the Hill-sides," made the reputation of Champagne. "Spare no expense," wrote Saint-Evremond to the Count of Olonne, "to get some Champagne; no district supplies better wine for all Seasons."

At the end of the seventeenth century a Benedictin monk, belonging to the Abbey of Hautvillers, near Epernay, discovered the method of bottling the wine at the right season, and making it retain its sparkling qualities, together with perfect limpidity and a pale colour, hitherto unknown.

This discovery led to a great development of the renown of Champagne, and the memory of Dom Perignon who is buried at Hautvillers is duly honoured in the country.

Royalty's Interest in Horse Racing

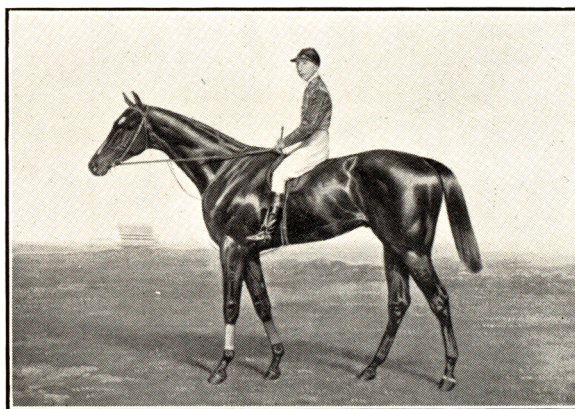
From the days of James I., the monarchs of England have, with few exceptions, been associated with horse racing. It was this monarch who imported Eastern blood, and his enterprise was followed by his successors. According to the register of the royal expenditure, King John was a large importer of Eastern-bred horses, but it was not until the reign of Charles I. that an important introduction of Eastern blood took place. Charles II., however, it was who laid the foundation of the British thoroughbred as it is to-day. Soon after he came to the throne he sent abroad Sir John Fenwick, Master of the Horse, and a prominent member of the turf, to procure a number of high-bred stallions and mares, and the latter were styled the Royal mares. Charles II. (referred to in some early books as "Old Rowley") was a horseman of repute, winning races against the professionals of his day; and his memory is perpetuated at Newmarket, where one of the racing tracks is known as the Rowley Mile. Queen Anne has been given the credit of selecting the site of the present Newmarket Racecourse, and among her successes as horse-owner was the winning of the Gold Cup at York with her gelding Pepper. George III. founded the Hunt Cup at Ascot; George IV. won the Derby with Sir Thomas; and William IV. furnished the place-getters in the Goodwood Gold Cup with Fleur-de-Lis and two other of his nominations, Zingaree and The Colonel.

King George VI. Makes Good Start

This month King George VI. will be crowned King of England, and the fact that he is a keen follower of the sport will be hailed with delight by his people, not only in the British Isles, but throughout the widespread Empire. At the opening of the present English season for flat racing he won his first race un-

By A. Knight ("Musket")

der Jockey Club rules, when Jubilee won for him the Molyneux Stakes at Liverpool on March 18. The next day he had a runner named Firestone in a newly-created race known as King George VI. Stakes, and he and Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth were keenly interested in the result; but their representative finished out of a place. However, success has come his way early in



Diamond Jubilee (H. Jones riding), winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger, 1900.

his kingship, and as he is descended from a long line of sportsmen it can confidently be expected that Royalty will continue to patronise "the sport of kings."

King George V. as Horseowner.

Though King George V., father of the present King, was an ardent follower of the turf and a keen student of breeding, his luck was far from good, and it is questionable if his successes paid one-half of his expenses. His best year was in 1914, when he won eleven races worth £13,371; and in 1923 he had 19 wins for £12,095. In 1928 he had the pleasure of leading in his only classic winner, when the filly Scuttle, by Captain Cuttle from Stained Glass, was successful in the One Thousand Guineas. That year his cheque for wins amounted to £9,656; but two years later it was only £288 for successes in two minor

races. Despite the fact that the fickle goddess eluded him, he nevertheless was as keen as his forebears in his endeavours to have his name placed on the roll of owners and breeders of Derby winners.

He, however, will always be remembered as a sportsman of the highest class, though most unassuming in his manners. Those who had the privilege of witnessing the scene when Scuttle won the One Thousand Guineas will for ever remember his modest pride when he and Queen Mary stood hand in hand, acknowledging the enthusiastic cheers of the crowd. Always attired in a quiet and dignified manner, King George loved to stroll through the paddocks of the different courses like the country gentleman he appeared to be when free from the cares of State. When that exceptional gelding, Brown Jack, won the Queen Alexandra Stakes in 1934, for the sixth time in succession, the King sent for Sir Harold Wernher, owner of the old wonder, and heartily congratulated him on his unprecedented success. So, while as a horse-owner he can hardly be described as fortunate, he will always be remembered for his unfailing courtesy and unassuming ways.

King Edward VII. as Owner and Breeder.

Of all the members of the Royal Family from the earliest days, the one with the most success was King Edward VII., grandfather of the present King; and as he was deservedly a most popular sportsman, the following clippings from Richard Marsh's book, "A Trainer of Two Kings," should be of interest:

"I have mentioned that during the first year I had the honour of training for King Edward, I could only win two small races, which is a reminder to me to this day that the

(Continued on Page 13.)

The King Carries On

Royal Traditions in Racing

While King George VI. has not in the past been known as a keen lover of horses, compared with the Duke of Windsor, the present monarch has always been acclaimed the finest horseman of the Royal Family.

That, in itself, is no accomplishment when we remember that many spills in point-to-point races and in huntin' earned his eldest brother the title (when Prince of Wales) of "Heir to the Thrown."

Yet, George VI, as Duke of York, sat a horse better than most royalties, although he didn't adventure as much as Edward—mainly because he lacked the constitution; always he has had to nurse his health.

The Duke of Kent rides a horse like a sailor and the Duke of Clarence didn't impress as an amateur jockey.

Strangely, the one who had the greatest urge to ride over fences and on the flat—Edward—was the poorest rider of the family.

King George VI. will go racing because he is in every particular patterning himself on his late father, who, dogged by ill luck, still kept entering his horses.

His father, Edward VII., was probably the greatest racegoer in Royal history—and the luckiest. He led in two winners of the Derby. One of them, Persimmon, proved a mighty sire.

Advices say that the present King's elder daughter, Princess Elizabeth, is already a keen horsewoman and she is being encouraged in her love of horses by her Royal father and mother.

We may see her at Randwick when the world steadies down—not in 1938 as was at one time likely.

An English paper reports that it is the intention of the Duke of Windsor to import English thor-

oughbreds to the Continent and race them there. As he seems to have abandoned hope of the English Derby, the French Grand Prix is his aim—the newspaper says.

Someone who returned from England, while yet King George V. was alive, told me that the great ambition of the then Prince of Wales was to win one of two races—Derby or Grand National.

What about a King's horse running at the special A.J.C. meeting, which will be held in connection with Sydney's 1938 celebrations? We understand that Royalty will not be represented in person. Were His Majesty to nominate a horse—as it has been suggested that Lord Derby might—a sport-loving Australia would appreciate the Royal gesture.

Picture Randwick on such an occasion?

* * *

The King's family name is Windsor, but it was originally Guelph, the change-over having been decided by George V. during the war. Before ex-King Edward VIII. became Duke of Windsor, the name of Windsor had already appeared in the peerage, but it had never been used by a Duke, nor had it ever been attached to the Royal House.

The Earl of Plymouth also is the Viscount of Windsor and Baron Windsor. The Marquess of Bute also is the Earl of Windsor.

These members of the peerage take their name from the family surname, which in the case of Lord Plymouth was derived from the place at the time of Henry VIII.

The Duke of Windsor derived his name from the castle, and officials of the College of Arms had to burn a great deal of midnight oil, before the title was announced,

to be certain that it did not infringe on anyone else's rights, and had a clear field of its own.

There is a greater dearth of coronets in England to-day than ever before in the history of the nation. Coronets at the time of Victoria, Edward VII. and George V. were made of gold. Then came the war, and the peerage, no more exempt than the average citizen, was subject to the tightness of money.

To-day, there are few coronets. Some are handed down as heirlooms, and, if they are for peeresses, they do not suffer from age. All peeresses' coronets are the same size, and may be used by any number of generations, but the coronet of peers must fit the head, and each peer usually must have his own.

A grandson can make his hereditary coronet fit his head if it has to be made smaller, but the reverse process necessitates the entire re-making of the crown and the resetting of the jewels.

Coronets vary, according to the rank of the wearer, and if new honours have been added to the family, a new model or coronet must be made.

More than one hundred peerages have been created since the coronation of King George and Queen Mary, and all of those coronets must be made new.

Unlike the older coronets, these new ones are being made of silver gilt, and one for a peeress costs between £16 and £31.

They are carried to the Abbey on a silken loop, through which the finger is slipped.

At the moment Queen Elizabeth is crowned, the peeresses remove their tiaras, if they have worn them, and put on their coronets.



HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH.



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His Excellency, The Right Honourable,
LORD GOWRIE, V.C., G.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.
Governor General of the Commonwealth of Australia.

Royalty's Interest in Horse Racing

(Continued from page 8)

greatest care, patience and all the skill a human can command cannot avail if horses be really bad and devoid of racing merit. Where there are sometimes high-class horses, there are always bad ones."

Writing of Florizel II., the first of the famous brotherhood which included Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, Marsh said that as a two-year-old he had not the best of legs. "He ran in two Nurseries without gaining any distinction, and so went through his two-year-old season without winning a race.

"It is a pleasanter story that has to be told of Florizel II. in the following season, when he was a three-year-old. He won five races, worth in all £3,499, beginning with the St. James' Palace Stakes at Ascot. Thank goodness for Florizel II., I thought, since he was the only one of the half dozen in training which proved capable of winning a race that season."

It will thus be seen that King Edward (who was then Prince of Wales) had to wait before Dame Fortune smiled upon his endeavours to become a successful owner-breeder.

"The following year, 1895, when Persimmon came to perform as a two-year-old, the luck of the Prince of Wales began to assume a decided change for the better . . . That season five of his horses won £8,281, the chief contributors being Florizel II. and Persimmon. The elder of the brothers won six good races, including the Manchester Cup, Goodwood Cup, Jockey Club Cup, and the Gold Vase at Ascot. It will be seen that, by securing those trophies he soared distinctly above what we regard as handicap form. In addition to having some speed, he was a thoroughly good stayer. It was altogether astonishing that he should have so transformed himself compared with the rather poor creature he was as a yearling and two-year-old.

"Florizel II. was in training as a five-year-old, but he did not win again. He could not be properly trained, through developing suspensory ligament trouble. Subsequently

he went to the royal stud at Sandringham, where he was quite an average success, though at all times overshadowed by his far greater brother, Persimmon, who had by this time well established his brilliant reputation."

Persimmon's brilliant career on the turf is too well-known to need repetition here, but Marsh's account of the Derby triumph is worth repeating. After taking the colt to the starting point, Marsh writes: "I know that I must have stayed too



Persimmon (J. Watts riding), winner of the Derby, St. Leger and Ascot Gold Cup among other triumphs.

long in the vicinity of the starting point, for when I headed my hack back to the stands they were just about ready for off. With much difficulty did I thread my way through the dense crowd, only to emerge at the public-house which is quite a landmark near to the paddock entrance. The police had cleared the course, and they would not let me on to it, to make the best of my way to the little weighing-in enclosure. Moreover, the race had started. The best I could do was to mount the forth or fifth step of the friendly public-house, and from there I got a more or less blurred view of the field until they reached Tattenham Corner. Then they passed outside my arc of vision, and that was all I saw of Persimmon's Derby!

"Along with the perfect swarm of tens of thousands, I soon found myself on the course, heading, I hoped, for the stands. Everyone was excited, and I did not even know for a few seconds what had

won. Actually the first horse and rider I met was Colonel Harry McCalmont's Knight of the Thistle, with Morny Cannon on his back. He must have spotted me, for he exclaimed, 'You've won!' What wonderful words! I suppose I felt like a dog let loose after being tied up for a month!"

As Marsh saw next to nothing of the race, a clipping from Mr. George Lambton's book, "Men and Horses I Have Known" should not be out of place: "Like Ormonde and The

Bard, it was a two-horse race, St. Frusquin taking up the running when fairly in the straight, followed by Persimmon. Then ensued the most exciting struggle, and a beautiful one to watch. Tommy Loates, on the rails, riding for all he was worth, St. Frusquin gamely answering every call, and Watts patiently holding his horse together for one run. When he did call on him, Persimmon gradually but surely drew up to St. Frusquin. Then he appeared for one moment to falter and Watts had to balance him once more perilously near home, but in the last hundred yards he shot up and won by a neck. I shall always think that Watts' quietness and nerve in such a critical moment was one of the greatest feats of jockeyship I ever saw. When you think what it means to a jockey to win or lose the Derby, add to that the responsibility of riding for the Prince of Wales, one can imagine Watts' feelings when he found it necessary to take that pull so close home; for if it had not come off it would have looked as if he had ridden a tame finish, and he would have come in for much criticism.

"The scene after the race will remain in the memory of all who were fortunate enough to be present. The Prince walked down from the stand amid a wild tumult of excitement and enthusiasm, and went with his equerry and Marsh on to the course to lead his horse in. The crowd broke through the cordon of police, and it was with difficulty that

the Prince could get near his horse. I think in later years, when Minoru won for him as King of England, that the enthusiasm was even greater. The police were then quite unable to cope with the crowd, who patted the King on the back and shook him by the hand with cries of 'Good old Teddie.' Some distinguished foreigner who witnessed it said that nothing like this could happen outside England, which recalls to one's mind what Bismarck said to Disraeli, 'You will never have a revolution in England as long as you keep up your racing.'"

No better testimonial to King Edward's popularity could possibly be written, and if ever an owner deserved to have a high-class horse, it was him.

As most racing men know, Persimmon was not sufficiently forward to start in the Two Thousand Guineas, which was won by his half-brother-in-blood St. Frusquin, as both were sons of St. Simon. He, however, won the St. Leger, and the Jockey Club Stakes, and then went into winter quarters. Though the best three-year-old of his year, Marsh considered that Persimmon had not reached his peak form until four years of age, when he would not have been afraid to have matched him against those super-horses St. Simon (Persimmon's sire) and the mighty Ormonde, who retired unbeaten after 16 victories.

"I come now to 1897," said Marsh, "when Persimmon had developed in an ideal way into a truly magnificent four-year-old. His first

race was to be the Gold Cup at Ascot, so I had plenty of time to bring him to his best. Always he was getting better and better, to my mind, and always he was splendid to look upon. He had grown into a magnificent creature. He was always set in a big mould, as it were; but as a three-year-old he was far from being furnished as his big frame needed to be. Age did this for him, and I doubt whether good judges of a thoroughbred have ever looked on a finer sight than he presented when his clothes were removed in the paddock prior to going out to put up one of the most electrifying performances I have ever seen on the part of a Gold Cup winner." (Persimmon won the Cup by eight lengths from Winkfield's Pride, who was regarded as a certainty.)

After Persimmon retired to the stud, his own brother Diamond Jubilee, not only won the Derby for the then Prince of Wales, but the One Thousand Guineas and St. Leger, thus completing the treble known in England as the Triple Crown. In the closing years of this great sportsman he won his third Derby with Minoru when King of England. This colt was not a product of the Sandringham Stud, but was leased from Colonel Hall Walker (later Lord Wavertree), of Tully Stud, Ireland. The last race won by one of King Edward's horses was that of Witch of the Air in a small race at Kempton Park while his Royal Highness was on his deathbed. Lord Marcus Beresford, in writing to Marsh after the King had

breathed his last, said: "His last words were expressions of delight at hearing of Witch of the Air's victory; so you have the extra satisfaction of having been the means of giving him a pleasant thought to finish up his great life."

A list of all King Edward's winners would take up too much space, though some readers may consider I have given over-much prominence to Persimmon. That is a weakness all admirers of a really great horse have, for the truly great are so seldom met with that there is an excuse for enthusing over their deeds. That King Edward made breeding and racing pay may be gathered from the fact that Lord Marcus Beresford once assured Marsh that the King had started a racing account at Wetherby's of £1,000, and that at one time £60,000 stood to his Majesty's credit. Apart from £30,000 which was realised by the sale of Diamond Jubilee, also the stud fees of the sires, while the King's horses were trained by Marsh—from 1893 until 1910—the amount won on the racecourses totalled the healthy sum of £134,687 for 106 races.

If the present King should have the success of his grandfather, his people will be delighted—that is, that portion which has an admiration for the thoroughbred—for while such personalities lend their patronage to the turf there is little likelihood of racing ever losing the strong hold it has on the British race, which is scattered all over the globe.

Everybody's Choice

MELBOURNE BITTER



Pool Splashes

Goldie's Big Month—Four Wins in Line and Now Leads in Dewar Cup

This month there must be placed on record the remarkable achievements of George Goldie, who performed what has never been done before in the club by ringing up the possible in the March-April Point Score series.

Four wins in a row was the feat that won for George the trophy, put him into the lead in the Dewar Cup contest, and drew the attention of Hon. Handicapper Gunton to the tune of a large sized drop in the handicaps.

Winston Edwards, too, was in the money during the month, but he's had to lay off for a few weeks.

They must be getting soft, these swimmers of ours, for in addition to Edwards we've noted Jack Dexter hobbling round (gout, some say) and Len Hermann, "Mick" Murphy, Alec Richards and Dave Lake all in the wars some way or other.

"Pete" Hunter has come to the fore recently, so look out for fireworks soon. In company with Vic. Richards, who has not yet shown

any football scars, he has been to the fore in Brace Relays.

Glad to be able to report that John Buckle is round again after his severe attack of pneumonia.

The club stars, Bruce Hodgson and Hans Robertson, must have gone out of training, for they are never seen racing these days, and other crackerjacks in Lyn. Johnston and Sid McCure are apparently in the same boat.

"What's in a name?" somebody once said, and everybody has said it ever since, but, believe it or not, there's a lot in a name. Lionel Coppleson will tell you there is, at any rate. When he lined up for his first race with the club, somebody remembered the name of Coppleson, and as discreet inquiries elicited the fact that Lionel was a brother of Athol, a N.S.W. sprint champion, and of Doctor Vic., a noted performer out Bondi way, it was settled beyond all doubt that the new member had to be watched.

Result, a flattering handicap and

an "also ran" performance for Lionel.

Dewar Cup.

For ever so long they have been saying the Dewar Cup contest was all over bar the shouting for Alec Richards, such a long lead he had up to last month.

The last issue of the Magazine told of his eleven points' lead, but a vast shuffling of positions has come about since then and a dark horse in George Goldie has taken the lead.

Richards has been a non-starter for some weeks, and so has Dexter, with the result that the contest has taken on as interesting a position as ever in the history of the club.

This is how they stand at present: G. Goldie 44½ points, A. Richards 42, A. S. Block 40½, C. Godhard 37, J. Dexter 35, D. Tarrant and A. Pick 34, W. S. Edwards 29½, T. H. English 27, K. Hunter 26, V. Richards 25, D. Lake and N. P. Murphy 20½, J. Miller 20.

(Continued on Page 20.)

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Billiards

The Law Declares Billiards is a Game of Skill

Billiard players can rest content that their favourite pastime is definitely a game of skill. Very few of us would have ever argued the point, but, in February last, a certain individual took the matter to court, and received an official verdict according to law. Now, those who proclaim the billiard table as a "Fluker's Paradise" had better mind their p's and q's. Very definitely it is not.

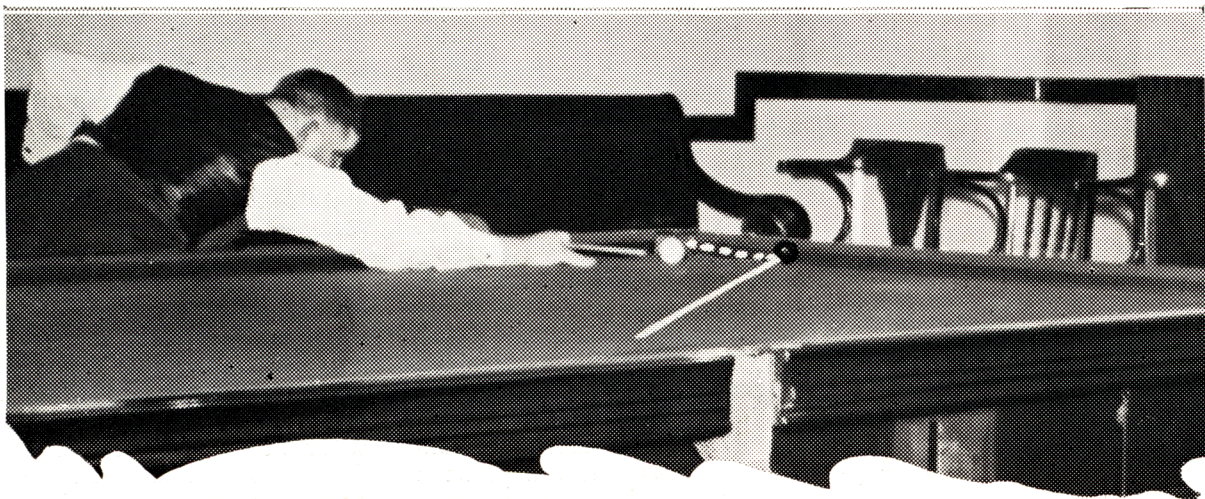
The question was decided by a

ney supplying Beavis with furniture to the value of the amounts named, but this was denied, and the judge said he should decide the case on the question of consideration. Counsel for the plaintiff argued that as billiards was a game of skill, and the money was played for as a stake, and not as a bet, there was a consideration.

There was no decided case on the point, and he thought that was because no one had ventured to

Not Only Honour Debt.

The foregoing decision makes it incumbent on the loser in a two-sided argument to pay up and look pleasant. It is no longer a debt of honour when one's opponent reaches "game," but a legally enforceable transaction. Not that the matter is ever likely to trouble a club player, but, there are times when wagers are made between certain folk outside the best circles, but, masquerading as gentlemen, who



A stroke which is mostly played the wrong way.

written judgment delivered in the Brompton County Court, London, by the deputy-judge, Mr. Cooper-Wylde. The case was an action on a bill of exchange by an accountant named Toller against a gentleman named Sawney, described as of independent means.

Toller received the bill of exchange from a restaurant keeper named Beavis for keeping his books. Sawney and Beavis, it appears, used to play billiards for stakes of considerable size, and, on one occasion, Sawney lost to Beavis to the extent of £42, for which he gave bills of exchange to the value of £16 and £26, and the action under review was brought in connection with the first bill.

No Consideration?

The defence was that there was no consideration for the money, and that the bill had been met by Saw-

plead that the game was one of chance.

The judge replied that someone had ventured to have the case argued as to whether whist was a game of skill or chance, and a decision had been given.

The solicitor for the defence said Baron Huddleston had decided that pool is a game of chance, and he should have thought that billiards and pool must stand or fall together. Counsel for plaintiff argued that whatever might have been said about pool—and the late Baron Huddleston's judgment had caused much surprise—there could be no question that billiards is a game of skill.

His Honour, after taking time to consider his judgment, upheld the contention of plaintiff counsel, and gave judgment for the amount claimed.

may be surprised to learn that "taking the knock" over a billiards transaction may, in future, cause them quite a heap of worry.

A Very Useful Shot.

Reproduced in this issue is a photograph of Walter Lindrum playing a screw shot on the club standard table. The red ball is twelve inches away from the top pocket, and the cue-ball at an angle. Object is to screw into the pocket, but the stroke appears so difficult to the average amateur that he fights shy of it altogether, or plays it altogether too hard to hope for success.

To execute the shot properly it is necessary to strike the cue-ball at 5 o'clock and contact the red just short of full.

Amateurs fall down on this stroke because they cannot make themselves believe the balls. If a cue-

(Continued on Page 20.)

Pageantry Welds a People

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine—*Wilson Chamberlain*

An American recently went to Eton with an English friend who had a nephew there. Arriving just as the boys were coming off the rugby field, the American, anxious to start sightseeing, urged that the nephew join them as he was. The youngster dashed off and returned in less than a minute, still in his filthy sports clothes, but wearing, to the American's utter astonishment, a top hat!

Just an old Eton custom—never go out for tea without your topper. It is only one of hundreds of ceremonies which your English cousin carries on in his workaday world, ranging from such rustic customs as placing garlands around the necks of horses being led to stud, to playing *God Save the King* at the end of every movie or public event. You are transported to the pomp of the Middle Ages, for example, when the peers in scarlet and ermine robes assemble each autumn for the Opening of Parliament. The King comes in a gold coach to explain his reasons for calling this Parliament, and the House of Commons are summoned by a gentleman known since 1350 as Black Rod. Then you are reduced to amused incredulity by such survivals as the toasts to the Woodmen of Arden, which always begin, "Mr. Adams and Brother Woodmen . . ." though there has been no Mr. Adams heading the society for over 150 years.

In darkest Africa the Englishman still dresses for dinner, although he knows he's been the butt of music-hall comedians for 30 years. In London every morning, rain or shine, a hundred red-coated Guardsmen come swinging pompously into the forecourt of Buckingham Palace (or St. James if the King is away) precisely at 10.30. They pace off to the sentry boxes with Gilbert and Sullivan grandeur, while the band plays "airs to the King's liking," their eyes so hidden by tremendous bearskin hats that drummer boys have to hold up the music for them.

If some efficiency expert were to point out that these never-ending ceremonies take valuable time and cost a great deal of money, the Englishman would only smile enigmatically; for an Englishman has a mystic conviction that he enjoys stability in government and private life because he has for centuries maintained what seems to us a ludicrous degree of decorum. Even in his high-speed financial world he clings to traditions hundreds of years old because they have become a sort of symbol of integrity. Every bank runner wears a cutaway (sometimes green) and top hat. Every business man, a short black coat with derby or black Homburg. Every judge and lawyer, a white wig. Good ones cost 40 dollars, but it is charged to advertising famed British justice. If you were to cash a cheque at Coutts and Company, bankers to His Majesty the King, the money would be shoved across an open counter (and the silver literally shovelled) by a dignified gentleman in a frock coat. Though frock coats went out years ago, Coutts' argument is that their managers and clerks have always worn them and there is no more reason to alter them than to alter the conservative investment advice they give you.

In the actual City of London (an area of 677 acres, housing the financial centre) you find a still more amazing survival, The City Guilds or Livery Companies. Dating to the 12th century, The Ancient Company of Gold and Silver Wyre-drawers, The Cordwainers (shoemakers), The Fletchers (arrow-makers), and others, retain fantastic, though never-exercised, privileges. The Spectacle-Makers have the right to trample your glasses if they suspect they are not up to Guild standard. The Vintners and the Dyers alone share with the King the right to possess swans on the Thames.

To-day, the Guilds' original purpose of protecting their craftsmen has lost its significance in the mass of labour unions, yet the mere sur-

vival of their pomp serves to remind the hard-working Englishman that he can count on his job as long as he is reliable. It gives him a sense of continuity with the past and of belonging to something bigger than himself.

On the first of May, the Beefeaters, or Yeoman of the Guard, in gold-braided Tudor costumes, solemnly emerge from the Tower of London and beat, or mark, the boundaries of the Tower with canes. On the same day in many country parishes, the churchwardens still go out with green boughs to establish once more one of the great tenets of the Englishman's life: his awareness of "What's Mine and What's Thine."

Outside St. James' Palace you may see some 500 men dressed in black velvet jackets, knee breeches, silver-buckled slippers and cocked hats for presentation at one of the King's two or three morning levees each year, and be convinced that England is the most rigid country in the world. Then you will see some noble lord come away from the Palace and get into a 1916 Rolls Royce you wouldn't use around the farm. With two men on the box, he will be driven to his feudal castle where his valet will have laid out a tattered jacket, a pair of cracked shoes, and a battered felt hat. To the Englishman there is nothing illogical in this: magnificent display in public matters and well-worn tweeds at home are equally traditional.

The English system of titles works not, as many Americans think, for the glorification of the upper classes, but for dignifying all classes. While there are about 5,000 Britons with actual titles from the lowest Sir to a Grade-A Duke, every tradesman is addressed as *Mister*, your cook is not Maggie or Hilda, but always *Mrs.* You never shout *Waitress* or *Maid*, but always *Miss*, every trained nurse is *Sister*, and every gentleman without a title must have *Esquire* after his name in writing, while in conversation, you call him

by his last name and never *Mister*, unless you are a woman or he your senior. We frown on the title system as imperialistic, but the English solemnly believe it to be democratic. And curiously enough, for them it does seem to work that way.

When you arrive at your hotel or department store or bank, the door is opened by a chap in black uniform with a string of medals across his chest: the Corps of Commissioners—or doormen de luxe—which sprang into being after the war, comprised of veterans cited for bravery whose wounds prevent them from heavier work, has over 3,000 members in London and regards the duties of door-manning so earnestly that it has won an annual inspection of the King. These men show us English pageantry in the making, and, though only a minute part of the show, they give the clue to what we Americans might take from English pageantry and shape to our own purposes. Already we have the cornerstones for such traditions, but where here they are few, in England they are the very fibre of national life. We have, for example, few national holidays, and those seldom solemnised by anything that recalls proud memory of our past. In England there must be 20 or 30 fete days, when the entire nation turns out.

On the King's Birthday, loyal Britons drink His Health in every corner of the Empire. When you board a liner from Bombay to London you invariably run into a chap who talks your ear off about "going home," only to discover that he has never been to England in his life. High in the Himalayas you will find some "second son" who left England 30 years before and, like thousands of Englishmen at "home," couldn't be persuaded to wear anything but his Old School Tie. And in New York, English firms close regularly for Bank Holidays, though the loyalty costs them hundreds of dollars in business time.

So, if communism comes to England, the revolution will probably be led by the Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking at the Marble Arch, in Hyde Park, in his most resplendent scarlet robes, while the crowds of uniting workers glance nervously at their watches to see that they don't miss their tea.

The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature.

SERIES No. 10.



Photo by courtesy Government Printer.

A glimpse of the Lachlan.

THE MYSTERY OF THE LACHLAN

IN 1815, George Evans was asked by Macquarie to undertake a second journey to the westward of the Blue Mountains and to follow a western course from Bathurst "until he shall fall in with the western ocean." As may be expected, Evans failed to reach Macquarie's sublimely optimistic destination, but as a result of the expedition he made the discovery in May, 1815, of the Lachlan River. Two years later, in 1817, John Oxley, the Surveyor-General of New South Wales, was given command of an expedition to ascertain the course of the Lachlan and to examine the western interior. Evans and Allen Cunningham (the noted botanist) were assisting members of this expedition.

LEAVING Sydney on April 6, the party was held up for some days by unfavourable weather at Bathurst, and reached the banks of the Lachlan on the 25th. (It is interesting to note in passing that it was on this journey that limestone was first discovered, when, in the vicinity of Limestone Creek, it was found in great quantities.) The Lachlan, at the point where Oxley first came upon it, was an inviting stream, with great gums meeting together over its course, its waters easy flowing and abounding with fish. For some weeks the party travelled down the river in comparative comfort, until, on May 10, Oxley recorded one of the peculiar features of these inland rivers: "The river rose upwards of a foot during the night, and still continues to rise; a circumstance which appears very singular to me, there having been no rains of any magnitude for the last five weeks, and none at all for the last ten days. We are also certain that no waters fall into it or join it easterly for nearly one hundred and fifty miles. This rise must therefore be occasioned by heavy rains in the mountains, whence the river derives its source; but it is not the less singular, that during its whole course, as far as it is hitherto known, it does not receive a single tributary stream." But Oxley was yet to encounter greater mysteries in connection with this river. From the densely timbered banks of the earlier stages (similar to the scene pictured in our illustration) it widened unexpectedly into a series of great marshes, and Oxley came to the natural conclusion under the circumstances that the river simply lost itself in marshy country, but after striking overland for some distance he was amazed to join the river again in a form similar to that encountered earlier.

LATER, however, it again lost itself in great marshes and Oxley determined that he had found its end. After travelling for some days over this uninviting country he wrote of it: "It must cause the country to remain for ever uninhabitable and useless for all the purposes of civilized man . . . I must observe as a remarkable feature in this singular country that for the last fifty miles we have not seen a stone or pebble of any kind, save two, and they were taken out of the maws of two emus . . . It was with infinite regret and pain that I was forced to come to the conclusion that the interior of this vast country is a marsh and uninhabitable."

SO, after tracing the Lachlan for considerably more than five hundred miles, Oxley was forced to turn back with the mystery of the outlet of the western rivers unsolved. He arrived at Bathurst on August 29, and presented his report which painted a by no means glowing picture of the interior.

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SYDNEY

Something of the Inner Workings at Court

The Real Man Behind the Scenes

The man with a load on his mind these days, the Earl of Cromer, upon whose judgment much of the success of the Coronation arrangements depends. It is his function to run the official "rule" over all who are to be or have been invited. There must be no "doubtful" persons present, and private, petty jealousies are taboo. Lord Cromer will have sifted every possible cause for discontent long before the great day.

As Lord Chamberlain, it is the function of the Earl of Cromer to marshal his staff at St. James' Palace and arrange every detail.

Naturally, he is a man of great tact—so essential in finalising Court and other important ceremonies.

The office of Lord Chamberlain is an ancient one, but must not be confused with that of Lord Great Chamberlain, whose duties are mostly confined to the House of Lords and Westminster. Originally, the Lord Chamberlain was automatically a member of the Cabinet, but, in 1872, that was altered. To-day, he is a member of the Government, technically, and of extreme importance behind the scenes. He is the leading officer at the Royal Court.

Every invitation, without exception, to the Royal Court, is sent by the Lord Chamberlain by command of the King, and it is his duty to thoroughly investigate the character, credentials and standing of all who would enter. A most onerous and delicate work.

At times, the Lord Chamberlain is attacked by those who are prepared to bribe, in order that they might officially meet his Majesty.

Precedence.

The question of precedence is another delicate and important function of the Lord Chamberlain, and his word is at all times final. Against his decision there is no appeal. Lord Cromer enjoys a pleasant record in this regard, and his work has at all times proved faultless. It was not always so, in bygone days, according to report, when quarrels were more or less the order of the day. Any-way, too frequent to pass unnoticed.

On one occasion, a Scottish peer who had been placed behind an Eng-

lish Marquess, at an official gathering, promptly left the palace without being presented.

Stands Next to King.

At drawing-rooms and levees the Lord Chamberlain stands next to the Sovereign and announces the names of those being presented.

In Court dress, he carries a white staff and wears a gold jewelled key to symbolise his duties as custodian of the keys of the Royal Palace.

The Lord Chamberlain has other

duties, too. He has to engage Court physicians and surgeons, the private attendants of the King, and the tradespeople who supply Royal households. The Lords, grooms in waiting, the Royal Pages, Chaplains and all other appointments. They are all paid by his department. The Poet Laureate and the Royal musicians, artists and sculptors are under the control of the Lord Chamberlain and there is scarcely a Court sphere where his authority does not penetrate.

BILLIARDS

(Continued from Page 17.)

ball is struck a certain way and makes a given contact, it must always produce the same result.

Too frequently the man behind the cue will put far too much power. Onlookers will agree that much strength is needed, but the really good player knows otherwise from experience. That is why he is superior. There is no reason why, in the shot indicated, the object-ball should travel any further than the centre pocket, as illustrated by the white line.

Things to Avoid.

With the coming of the annual tournaments, let these notes conclude with a few things which players should endeavour to avoid.

In general play, don't get into the habit of striking the cue-ball too low. Striking above centre maintains forward rotation.

Do not try to get ideal position in one shot if same be not obvious. It is better to gradually work up to that and score some useful points in the process.

Don't play long range losing hazards too hard. There is no need to bring the object-ball in and out of baulk. Remember that the harder the striking, the wider the angle.

Do not on any account lift the head before the full cue-swing is completed. This is probably the greatest of all faults with mediocre players, and causes more missed shots in both billiards and snooker than of the many erring ways.

POOL SPLASHES

(Continued from Page 15.)

Results.

March 18th.—40 yards Handicap: W. S. Edwards (22) 1, A. Pick (27) 2, A. S. Block (24) 3. Time, 20 4/5 secs.

March 25th.—80 yards Brace Relay Handicap: D. Tarrant and G. Goldie (60) 1, K. Hunter and V. Richards (46) 2, A. Rainbow and S. Carroll (50) 3. Time, 59 1/5 secs.

April 1st.—120 yards Teams' Handicap: G. Goldie, W. S. Edwards and J. Dexter (79), 1; A. S. Block, V. Richards and K. Hunter (66), 2; N. Barrell, D. Tarrant and C. Godhard (73), 3. Time, 78 secs.

April 8th.—60 yards Handicap: G. Goldie (57) 1, A. S. Block (39) 2, C. Godhard (37) 3. Time, 53 3/5 secs.

April 15th.—40 yards Handicap: G. Goldie (35) 1, K. Hunter (22) 2, D. Tarrant (24) 3. Time, 32 secs.

April 22nd.—80 yards Brace Relay Handicap: H. English and C. Godhard (49) 1, V. Richards and K. Hunter (42) 2, D. Tarrant and A. Rainbow (48) 3. Time, 48 2/5 secs.

February-March Point Score: A. S. Block, 9½ points, 1; W. S. Edwards, 9, 2; C. Godhard, 8½, 3; A. Pick, 6, 4; A. Richards and J. Dexter, 5½, 5.

March-April Point Score: G. Goldie, 16 points, 1; K. Hunter, 10, 2; D. Tarrant, 9, 3; A. S. Block, 8, 4; C. Godhard and V. Richards, 6, 5.

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